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THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR. BY H. E. WOODBURY

These as they change, Almighty Father! these Are but the varied God. The rolling year Is full of Thee. [Thomson.]
The wheel of Time has rolled around once more, Another year is gone-forever fled, With all the joys or sorrows that it brought Scaled is the volume now; aye, all is passed And well may man with earnestness review The varied records of the good old year. Oh, what a fitting season for the heart To scan its secret tablets, search itself And profit by its own experience. It is a time for Hope and Memory To weave fresh garlands for the Future's brow. And deck with amaranthine wreaths the Past. It is the fittest period in Life. When past forever is a fleeting year To form new purposes and high resolves, And feel the soul exalted far above. The cares and tumults of this earthly sphere. Oh, what a world of pleasure and of pain Is stamped upon the annals of a year! Bright scenes of joy that made the heart most glad With hopes of future pleasure unalloyed, Have fled alike with those of sorrow's train Into the portals of Eternity. Oh, Heavenly Father, Spirit all supreme! Teach me Thy beauty in the rolling year, Make me in this, Thy work divine, to feel Thine Omnipresent majesty,

To see Thy wisdom unconfined, Thy mighty power And trust confiding in Thy holy will.

* * * * * * *

Borne on the wings of Time, the New Year comes With all its various train of hopes and fears, Of sorrows and of joys.
Hail bright New Year

We bid thee welcome now, and fondly trust Thou wilt reveal more lasting stores of bliss Than did the one that's gone.

Oh may the sou Of restless, weary man, be brought to look Above these scenes of evanescent joy-To learn from sources pure of heavenly bliss The lessons of its own high destiny! May it be taught the truth-that it shall live When all the proudest monuments of art, And noblest triumphs of the human mind That e'er have graced the annals of our race Shall be submerged by Time's resistless force Beneath the waves of dark oblivion. Aye, when the sun, the moon, the starry hosts That lend their lustre to this mighty sphere, Shall all have faded into endless night, The soul shall rise immortal over all May this New Year that dawns upon us now Reflect bright beams of real happiness Upon the human race-ayo, even more-Unseal the fountains of prosperity, And, with an arm of giant force, o'erthrow The barriers of sin and misery. May man be to his fellow reconciled-Old feuds forgotten, and the bond of love Be strong as is the adamantine rock Which braves the fury of the winds and waves Last, but not least, may gentle Peace prevail To crown the labors of the rising year, And make the nations feel how much of good From universal harmony may spring. These are the precious boons we ask of Thee Great Guide and Parent of the changing year. Give us above them all a lively sense Of our dependence upon Thee alone. Thou who dost fill the measure of our lives With blessings countless as the myriad stars That gem the azure canopy of Heaven. Thus shall each passing year that bears us on But bring us nearer to that happy realm Where all is loveliness and purity, Since God, the Father, reigneth all in all.

THE FEMALE SPY.

A-REVOLUTIONARY STORY. In the District of Fairfield, South Carolina, there lived during the American Revolution, an honest old German farmer, who amidst all the infections of a tory atmosphere, remained true to the cause of the land of his adoption, an earnest, ardent, uncompromising advocate of Independence, and although not under arms, a valuable auxiliary in the struggle for American Nationality. His name was Hans Griger, and although himself an emigrant, he had reared around him a family of sons and daughters of American soil, all of whom partook of the old man's political senti-

But with all his zeal and whole-heartedness, Hans was constrained to do what he did with great caution and secreey, for he lived among those who would catch at any dislovalty to the king as a pretext for violence and outrage. The safety not only of his property, but of his person and the of those who relied on him for protection were at stake. There were tory eyes upon him, and the vindictive hatred of that class of spirits towards anything like rebellion, is too well known to doubt the result of any appearance of disloyalty on the part of the quiet old farmer. So he kept his own counsel, and when urged by them to take part in the royal cause, he excused himself on account of old age and the duties devolving upon him in the career of his young but up-growing family. But on the other hand he lost no opportunity in conveying useful information to the officers of the patriot forces, which, from time to time, entered the district in opposition to invaders of the province. Emily Griger was the oldest child of this faithful

but unobtrusive patriot. At the time of which I write, an organized band of tories, sustained by a few British troops, had completely swept over the neighboring district of Ninety-Six, and fortified themselves in a village of that name, from which scouts were continually scouring the province, the whole being under the charge of the infamous and notorious tory, John Cruger, a native of the city of New York, at that time holding a commission of Lieutenant Colonel from the enemies of his native

To reduce this horde of villains and drive them from their strong-hold, the American General, Greene, was dispatched, but with a force inadequate to the task .--He had laid siege to the fortress of Ninety-Six, but finding it stronger than had been supposed, was compelled to submit to the delay necessary to the erection of counter-

works, and finally began the assault.

The tory commander was on the point heard of his critical situation, was at that moment near at hand with a sufficient force for his succor. The effect of this infor-

LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. | himself compelled to raise the siege, and withdraw his little force. He hastily crossed the Saluda river, and retreated in the direction of the Enoree, leaving the tories still masters of the district. Lord Rawdon, after reaching the fortress of Ninety-Six, and finding all safe, set out in pursuit of General Greene, but eventually deemed it prudent to give up the chase and turn his attention to the occupation of Friday's Ferry at Granby, and the concentration of a strong force at that place, with the ultimate view of sweeping the entire continental power from the province. To prevent this plan, General Greene determined to intercept the reinforc ments of the British commander, and accordingly halted on the banks of the Saluda, in the immediate vicinity of our old friend Hans

To accomplish this precautionary measure, General Greene found it necessary to send instructions to Generals Marion and Sumpter, who were then, with their separate commands scouring the country somewhere between the Edisto and Santee rivers; but the precise position of either was unknown, and as the entire district was overrun with predatory parties of the enemy, the conveyance of a message to either was a trust of great difficulty and danger. In fact, the attempt was considered fatal to any one who should possess the hardihood to undertake it. None seemed willing to undertake the fearful responsibility.

But at this moment a new and unexpected character appeared. A girl in the garb of a peasant presented herself to the guard of the camp, and demanded audience with the General.

It was hard for them to conjecture what mischief might be brewing under that simple and homely costume; it was at once gravely concluded that she must be a sny from the 'ory camp. She was, however, conducted to the marquee of the General. He was in no enviable humor at the moment of her arrival. The messages that he wished to send to his two Generals were of immense importance, and driven to vexation by what he denominated the pusilanimous spirit of his men, who, one and all had, by a tacit silence, refused to convey them, he was in the act of writing an order detailing messengers to perform the duty, when the unexpected visitor was announced. Not partaking of the fancies of his men, the General ordered that she should be immediately brought into his presence, and accordingly she was ushered into the marquee. She was now really embarrassed, but the General's vexation had changed to a good natured surprise by the unexpected visit, and he addressed her with so much ease, that in a moment, her confidence was restored, and she proceeded to make known the object of the

'General,' she said, 'they tell us at the farm that you want a person to carry a message to General Sumpter.' 'I do indeed, my good girl, and I will

interview.

. 'I will do it, if you

but not for pay.' 'Well, you shall go after you have seen already written. Should you lose this dispatch, and afterwards succeed in reaching the camp, tell General Sumpter that Lord Rawdon is moving towards Granby, and he must hasten to throw his division in advance of the enemy and defeat his object. General Marion and Colonel Lee mines has damaged some of the saints. will be at hand to assist him. Remember Francis, especially, is running away like a these words, my brave girl, and depart as dip candle, and all of his head is gone exspeedily as you may. God bless you! Go. With these words he pressed her hand noble girl was on the back of a fleet horse,

the banks of the Saluda. The first day of Emily's journey passed away without any incident of moment, and | ness, as if it had never been seen. the night she passed at the house of a she fell suddenly upon a party of armed tories. Coming from the direction of General Greene's camp, their suspicions were excited, they commanded her to halt. This rassment, when one of the fellows seized the reins of the horse, demanding whence she came and whither she was going.

'I came from my father, Hans Griger and I go to my brother, who is near Or angeburg,' was her brief response. Before you proceed, will you go with

us to my house. I am sure my wife will be glad to see you,' said the tory. Assured by their manner that they in tended no personal harm to her, she consented with apparent cheerfulness. The house to which they led her, lay about half a mile distant, and having arrived there, she was immediately locked up in a close room. Apprehending that she might be subject to a search, the quick-minded girl ate, piece by piece, the dispatch that had been entrusted to her by General Greene, and scarcely had she completed the destruction of the paper, when the expected wife of the tory entered the apart

ment, and commenced a close and prying scrutiny of her clothes, hair and person. Finding nothing of a suspicious character upon her, she was at length permitted to depart, and on the following day she arrived safely at the camp of General Sumpter, and delivered to the officer word for word the message with which she had been entrusted. That message had much to do in breaking the power of the British. and closing the account of the Revolution in South Carolina. The plans of the enemy were frustrated; the forces in the province were concentrated, and the battle of Eutaw Springs followed. Emily Griger was for a long time the toast of the patriot army in the South, and was never forgotten by that brave and faithful patriot, General Nathaniel Greene.

The prisoners in the Rochester (N. Y. il had a general turn out on the night of the 12th inst., and all who desired made their es-Of the thirty five prisoners in confinecape. ment, fifteen left; the rest declined to leave. The manner of escape was through the back window facing the river. They sawed off the ed in a heavy square boat and entered a iron bars in five places, and so made an opening about ten by sixteen inches, through which they crawled, singly, and let themselves down ten or twelve feet to the water. The of surrendering when information was saws they used were made of watch springs, conveyed to him that Lord Rawdon, having and two of them were found in the jail after heard of his critical situation, was at that the escape of the prisoners. How they obtained these implements is not known. tained these implements is not known. They were small, but very effective. The whole mation, while it inspired the garrison with They had worked at it several nights, and

For the Intelligencer THE CLOSING YEAR BY A. SHIRK.

Farewell, thou closing year, farewell Lo! now you deep-toned solemn bell Has rung for thee thy dying knell In mournful tone: And hark the fierce wind's wailing notes Are murmuring-"Gone!"

With thee have went our hopes and fears, With thee have followed smiles and tears, And all that life or hope endears, Has passed away; While, next in course, fresh trials and joys Will have their sway !

A peaceful journey to the dread And mournful precincts of the dead And bygone years, whose passing tread, Whilst in their prime, Is felt in this eventful life. Old Year, be thine !

Yes! pass in peace the narrow bound 'Twixt Past and Present ;-how profound, And mighty, too, the eternal round Of "Father Time," Who nips the golden joys of youth In youthful prime HICKORY GROVE, December, 1858.

For the Intelligencer.

LINES-By J. A. N. Fond memory bids me linger now Above another's tomb. And muse upon the lovely form Reposing midst its gloom. My sister, friend so early called

To slumber with thy God, Permit me now to sadly muse Above thy covering sod. Why pause I here above these graves

With feelings sad and lone? A wife's form lies buried here Whose soul to God hath flown. While by her side my aged sire In death's embrace lies low, No more to share the common lot

Of mortals here below. It may be long ere I again Unto these haunts may come. For duty calls me far away

'Mid other scenes to roan But wheresoever I may be, Whatever fate attend, I'll muse upon the spot where rest

Each fondly cherished friend And Heaven grant that when this heart Hath ceased life's busy life, I'll slumber in the arms of death With those I loved in strife.

The Salt Mines of Cracow.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR After descending 210 feet we saw the first veins of rock salt, in a bed of clay and crumbled sand-stone. Thirty feet more and we were in a world of salt. Level galleries branched off from the foot to the staircase; overhead a celling of solid salt. under foot a floor of salt, and on either side dark gray walls of salt, sparkling here and there with minute crystals. Lights glimpay handsomely any one who will perform mered ahead, and on turning the corner that service for me.' we came upon a gang of workmen, some hacking away at the solid floor, others trundling wheelbarrows full of the precious cubes. Here was the chapel of St. Anthony. your father again. There is my message the oldest in the mines -- a byzantine excavation, supported by columns with altar, crucifix, and life-size statues of saints, apparently in black marble, but all as salt as Lot's wife, as I discovered by putting my tongue to the nose of John the Baptist .-The humid air of this upper story of the

cept his chin. The limbs of Joseph are dropping off as heartily. In less than half an hour this if he had the Norwegian leprosy, and Lawrence has deeper scars than his gridiron and with the dispatch carefully concealed | could have made, running up and down in her dress, she dashed down the road on his back. A Bengal light turned at the altar, brought into sudden life this strange temple, which presently vanished into dark

I cannot follow, step by step, our journey planter. But before the close of the of two hours through the labyrinths of second day, while passing through a wood, this wonderful mine. It is a bewildering maze of galleries, grand halls, staircases and vaulted chambers, where one loses all sense of distance or direction, and drifts along blindly in the wake of his conductor. she did without hesitation, or any embar- Everything was solid salt, except where great piers of hewn logs had been built up to support some threatening roof, or vast chasms, left in quarrying, had been bridged across. As we descend to lower regions, the air became more dry and agreeable, and the saline walls more pure and brilliant. One hall, 108 feet high, resembled a Grecian theatre, the traces of block taken out in regular layers representing the seats for the spectators. Out of the single hall 1.000.000 cwt. of salt had been taken, or enough to supply the 40,000,000 inhabi-

tants in Austria one year. Two obelisks of salt commemorated the visit of Francis I. and his Empress in another spacious irregular vault, through which we passed by means of a wooden bridge resting on piers of the crystaline rock. After we had descended to the bottom of the chamber, a boy ran along above with a burning Bengal light, throwing flashes of blue lustre on the obelisks, on the scarred walls, vast arches, the entrance to an infidel club, and had nearly succeeded deeper halls, and the far roof, fretted with in throwing from his mind the last shackles the picks of the workmen. The effect was of what he used to call the "nursery sumagical-wonderful. Even the old Prussian, who had the face of an exchange broker, exclaimed, as he pointed upwards 'It is like a sky full of cloud lambkins.' Presently we entered another and loftier chamber, yawning downward like the mouth of hell, with cavernous tunnels opening out of the further end. In these tunnels the workmen, half naked, with torches in their hands, wild cries, fireworks and sentation of the infernal regions, for the benefit of the crowned heads who visit the mines. The effect must be indeed diabolical. Even we, unexceptionable characters

the fireworks. A little further, we struck upon a lake gloomy tunnel, over the entrance of which was inscribed in salt letters 'Good luck to you!' In such a place the motto seemed here,' would have been more appropriate. Midway in the tunnel, the halls at either end were suddenly illuminated, and a crash, as of a hundred cannon bellowing through the hollow vaults, shook the air and water renewed energy, was most disastrous upon concealed the cutting by tallow and coal dust, in such wise that our boat had not ceased mitting himself thus easily to fall into the besiegers, and General Greene found which would effectually fill the track of the saw. trembling when we landed in the further the hands of robbers. He took out his

come!' saluted us on landing. Finally, at the depth of 450 feet, our journey ceased, although we were but half way to the bot-The remainder is a wilderness of shafts, galleries and smaller chambers, the extent of which we could only conjecture. We then returned thro' scores of tortuous passages to some vaults where a lot of gnomes, naked to the hips, were busy with pick, mallet and wedge, blocking out and separating the solid pavement.

The process is quite primitive, scarcely differing from that of the ancient Egyptian in quarrying granite. The blocks are first marked out on the surface by a series of grooves. One side is then deepened to the required thickness, and wedges being inserted under the block, it is soon split off. It is then split transversely into pieces of 1 cwt. each, in wnich form it is ready rounded on the edges and corners until they acquire the shape of large cocoons, for the convenience of transportation into the interior of the country.

The number of workmen employed in the mines is 1500, all of whom belong the 'upper crust'—that is, they live on the outside of the world. They are divided into gangs, and relieve every six hours .-Each gang quarries out, on an average, a little more than 1,000 cwt. of salt in that space of time, making the annual yield 4,-500,000 cwt! The men we saw were fine muscular, healthy looking fellows, and the officers, in answer to my questions, stated that their sanitary condition was quite equal to that of the field laborers. Scurvy does not occur among them, and the equality of the temperature of the mineswhich stands at 54 deg. of Fahrenheit all the year around, has a favorable effect upon such as are predisposed to diseases of the lungs. He was not aware of any peculiar form of disease induced by the substance in which they work, notwithstanding where there the air is humid salt crystals form upon the wood work. The wood I may here remark never rots, and where untouch ed, retains its quality for centuries. The officer explicitly denied the story of men having been born in these mines, and hav. ing gone through life without ever mounting to the upper world. So there goes another interesting fiction of our youth. It requires a stretch of imagination to

conceive the extent of this salt bed. As far as explored, its length is two and a half Engish miles, its breadth a little over half a mile, and its solid depth 600 feet below the surface, and is then uninterrunted by sandstone, such as form the peaks of the Carpathian mountains. Below this there is no probability that it again re-appears. The general direction is cast and west dipping rapidly at its western extremity, so that it may, no doubt, push much further on that direction. Notwithstanding the immense amount already quarried and it will be better understood when I state that the aggregate length of the shafts and galleries amount to four hundred and forty miles-it is estimated that at the present rate of exploration, the known supply cannot be exhausted under 300 years. The tripartite treaty, on the partition of Poland, limits Austria to the present amount-1,500,000 cwt. annually-of which she is bound to furnish 30,000 cwt. to Prussia, and 800,000 to Russia, leaving 3,400,000 cwt. to herself. This sum yields her a net revenue from the mines, of two millions of florins, \$1,000,000, annually.

It is not known how this wonderful

deposit-more precious than gold itselfwas originally discovered. We know that t was worked in the 12th century, and perhaps much earlier. The popular faith has invented several miracles to account for it, giving the merit to favorite saints. One, which is gravely published in "The History of Cracow," states that a Polish King, who wooed a princess Elizabeth of Hungary (not the saint of Wartburg) in the tenth century, asked what she would choose as a bridal gift from him. Something that would most benefit his people. The marriage ceremony was performed in a chapel in one of the salt mines of Transylvania. Soon after being transferred to Cracow, Elizabeth went out to Wiclieka, surveyed the ground, and after choosing a spot, commanded the people to dig. In the course of a few days they found a salt crystal, which the Queen caused to be set in her wedding ring, and wore until the day of her death. She must have been a wonderful geologist for those days. The bed actually follows the Carpathians, appearing at intervals in small deposits, into Transylvania, where there are extensive mines. It is believed, also, that it stretches northward into Russian Poland. Some years ago the Bank of Warsaw expended large sums in boring for salt near the Austrian frontier. There was much excitment and speculation for a time; but although the mineral was found, the cost of quarrying it was too great, and the enterprise was dropped.

AN INCIDENT .-- Mr. B---, a young gentleman of fine talents, was years ago a chief clerk in a bank in Virginia. was a good scholar, and a courageous and honest young man, but was the leader of perstition," which was the religion his pious mother had taught him.

On one occasion upward of one hundred thousand dollars in bank bills had to be carried to Kentucky, and he was selected to carry them. As he was obliged to pass through a part of the country where highway robbery and even murder were said to be frequent, he arranged to pass it in the daytime. But he took the wrong the firing of guns (which here so reverber- road, and having lost himself, was glad to ate in the imprisoned air that one can feel find a shelter anywhere. He rode about every wave of sound,) gave a rough repre- a long time in the forest, amid the darkness and chilliness of a starless October

night. At length he saw a dim light, and pushed his horse forward until he came to as we were, looked truly unearthly in our ghostly garments, amid the livid glare of was now near ten o'clock. He knocked and was admitted by a woman, who told him she and her children were alone, her four fathoms deep, upon which we embark- husband had gone out hunting, but she was certain he would return, as he always came according to his promise. The young man's feelings may well be imagined. Here he was with a large sum of money, ironical 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter alone, and perhaps in the house of one of those robbers whose name was the terror of the country. He could go no fartherwhat was to be done? The woman gave rest. But no, he could not think of per- cataract.

mined to sel his life as dear as he could. In the mean time the man of the house returned; he was rather a fierce, uncouthlooking hunter; he had on a dirty skin hunting-shirt and a bear-skin cap, and seemed to be much fatigued, and in no very talkitive mood, all of which boded our young infidel no good. He asked the stranger if he did not wish to retire: he told him no, he would sit by the fire all night. The man of the house urged him. But ne, he could not think of such a thing. He was terribly alarmed, and expected this would be his last night on earth .-His infidel principles gave him little comfort. His fears grew into perfect agony.

What was to be done? At length the rough backwoodsman rose up, and reaching over the stranger's head to a shelf, took down an old book. for sale. Those intended for Russia are and said, "Well, stranger, if you wont go to bed, I will: but it is my custom always to read a chapter out of God's word before I go to bed." A load was at once removed from him. Though avowing himself an infidel, he now had full confidence in the Bible; he was at once safe; he felt that the man who kept an old Bible in the house, and read it, and bent his knees before his Maker, would do him no harm. He listened to the prayers of the good man, at once dismissed his fears, and calmly as he did under his father's roof.

"Old Zeke's" Buffalo Ride.

You probably do not know Ezekiel Baiey, or, as he is familarly known, 'Old Zeke.' He loves whiskey, although he says he can do "edzactly as well without it," and is wonderfully fond of relating incidents of Western adventure, and other stories stunning to human credulity .-Twenty years ago he followed the business of trapping in the Rocky Mountains, and subsequently familiarized himself with the Independence and Santa Fe trading trail by frequent journeys over it. Such being the case, it is not strange that he should have met with many remarkable adventures; yet, by invariably making himself the hero of his stories, the impression is prevalent that he sometimes gives the adventures of others as his own, even if he does not commit the greater enormity of drawing them entirely from the imagination. Permit me to make mention of one of his stories—a true one, I am almost inclined to believe, for I have heard him relate it at least a dozen times, and the different recitals substantially agree in

fact. In 1842, in returning from the head of the Sweet-water, the party of which he was a member were compelled to 'lay by' for week in the neighborhood of the Black Hills, in consequence of the sickness of one camp, and reached a pretty rugged scope of country at the foot of the hills, without discovering any traces of his favorite game, he dismounted from his poney in a little valley where the grass was rank and green, and twisting one end of the long around his wrist, which afforded the animal a circuit of more than an acre, he threw himself under the scanty shade of a stunted cedar, and in five minutes was asleep. How long he slept he does not know, but he was awoke by a determined tugging at his wrist, and a noise like the sound of distant thunder. Jumping to his feet and grasping his rifle, he saw a herd of buffalo rolling over the hills in huge waves and bearing directly down upon him. while his pony, which had taken fright at their approach, was galloping off at full

What was to be done? To avoid them was impossible, and as they were already within two hundred vards, no time was to be lost. With the coolness characterizing the western hunter, he raised the rifle to his shoulder, with the view of "dropping the foremost of the herd, and security in a diversion over the fallen body of the animal of the frenzied avalanche Nearer and nearer they approached, shaking the solid earth in their course, and when within fifty yards, a 'sight' was drawn upon one of the largest by the hunter and the trigger pulled. Horror! the cap exploded without igniting the powder! To replace the exploded can with another before the herd would reach was impossible. To save himself from complete annihilation, but one chance remained, and that was as desperate as can well be imagined. Firmly bracing himself, he awaited the approach of the foremost, a large bull, and aiming a blow at his head with the rifle, attempted to bring him to his knees. The animal was staggered but did not fall, seeing which, the hunter dropped the weapon, and with a desperate bound cleared the head of the buffalo, alighting firmly upon the back of the terrified animal. He reared, plunged and bellowed, but with the clutch of death Bailey clung to his shaggy mane, and could not be shaken off.

He heard a shout behind him. He had too long been a hunter in the western wilds not to comprehend its awful meaning The herd was being driven over a preci pice by the Indians! His only hope had been, that the animal he was bestriding might fall exhausted, but now that was dissipated, and certain death looked him in the face. All doubts as to the characte of the stampede were soon removed by a sight of the precipice over which he being borne. Louder and louder came the shouts of the savages from behind the surging sea of flesh, and more furious became the speed of the maddened herd and more appalling the thunder of their untiring feet. The animal Baily was riding, lashed frantic at his burden, left the herd a hundred vards behind. He had approached within thirty feet of the declivity, and his determination to plunge headlong over it seemed evident, when he suddenly wheeled and darted along the brim of the precipice, anxious, apparently, to escape the overwhelming surge gathering in might around him. But all his efforts were vain. In a moment a compact mass of shaggy heads dashed to the edge of the chasm. A momentary check ensued, but in an instant the van. with a wild bellow, was crowded over the steep, him supper, and proposed his retiring to and the whole moving mass became

Seeing escape impossible, the animal ridden by Bailey leaped head foremost

hall. A tablet inscribed 'Heartily wel- pistols, examined the priming, and deter- down the descent, which could not have DR. CULVERWELL ON MANHOOD been less than a hundred feet. How he struck, or how he escaped death, is more than Bailey is able to say. He evidently fainted in making the descent, and when at last he came to his senses was lying, considerably bruised, beside a large rock, which had probably protected him from the deluge of falling animals, and thus saved his life. The sight presented to his gaze was appalling. No less than five thousand animals were lying around the base of the precipice, and in some places their bodies were piled in masses twentyfive or thirty feet in depth. The Indians soon made their appearance, and after learning, with no little astonishment, of the narrow escape of Bailey, conveyed him to the camp of the trappers. This is 'Old Zeke's' story. Is it true?

Young Man, Save that Dollar. Keep out of that coffee-house, and let your friends treat themselves. They doubtless, can afford it better than you. Keep your eye off that omnibus, too; you are young-your legs are stout, and you can foot it, wherever you want to go .-Nor look so languishing at the clothing door, or hat window, or boot case, as you pass along; all extravagances, catchpennies for spendthrifts and fashionable butterflies. You can get along without them laid down in that rude cabin and slept as your old clothes are nice enough for several months yet; whiskey and tobacco are deleterious, and it is a positive crime to ride when you can walk, or go out frolicking at night, to the great scandal of your virtuous bed at home.

Again we say, hold on to that dollarsqueeze it till the eagle shricks, and save it till it rusts. Grab all the other dollars you can, and when caught serve them the same way. Do this, and you will some day be rich. If you don't hold on to your dollar when you have it, there's no knowing how soon you may be floored. Poverty hangs like the sword of Damocles over many a head invisible, and letting go the dollar is too often the act which snaps the fatal thread. Be temperate, be wise, be economical; a penny saved is a penny made; collect the dibs; gather the spon dulies; accumulate the mopuses; anything, everything that is honest, to be come the owner of untold pewter, and in after years repose your head upon a mountain of golden rhino. The best way to begin all this, is to hold to that dollar while you have it and let your fancy friends and the fancy shops and stables go to the ancient Nicholas.

Are you ashamed to be economical?-Why, man, we don't mean for you to be mean and stingy, but only saving and economical! Don't spend it for whiskey and cigars, for ale and tobacco, for fancy horses and fancy women! Hold on to that time were on their annual journey southward, and Bailey amused himself by mounting his mustang and giving them chase. This he could do with safety, as the Sioux at that time were friendly. One day having ridden five or six miles from Hills, in consequence of the sickness of one of their number. Buffalo were abundant, as Do you hold well? You don't! Well chase. This he could do with safety, as a red cent in your pocket; and then the sioux at that time were friendly. One of the many, many times you've let a dollar—one dollar—slip through your fingers! Think how happy you would be if you had them all back!—how wretched and miserable you are without them.

CARDS.

T. McPHAIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Lancaster, apr 1

No. 4 East King street, Lancaster, Pa. apr 18 tf 13 A LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law .--

Office with B. A. Shreffer, Esq., south-west corner tre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '55 ly 17 EDWARD M'GOVERN, A T T O R N E Y A T L A W ,
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EMOVAL .-- DR. J. T. BAKER, HOM-

no street, between Orange and East King streets, west

fice one door east of Lachler's Hotel, East King street, Lancaster, Pa. 439. All kinds of Scrivening—such as writing Wills. Deeds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with correctness and despatch. may 15. '55 tc17 AMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at Law. Office, No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the may 6 tf 16

SIMON P. EBY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE:—No. 38 North Duke street,

may 11 ly 17]

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A T T O R N E Y A T L A W.

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SP 20 t14 REMOVAL.--WILLIAM S. AMWEG, Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his former place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the Trinity Lutheran Church.

JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.--Of-fice in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel. Lancaster, Pa. 53-All businoss connected with his profession, and all kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages,

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